The Light

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The Light

by psychoticmidds

Summary

For years the Winchester family has been known as Witches that helped hunters against borrower witches that made deals with demons and turned to harming others instead of doing good. While John and Sam were both students, Mary and Dean were both natural witches. That was until last year when Mary aided a hunter, and died. After that John changed, swearing revenge against the hunters and forcing his sons to deal in darker magic.

Notes

I am using the shows lore about witches and in Supernaturals lore there are three types of witches:
1. Natural witches are born with magical abilities
2. Trained witches (or students) who are trained or mentored by usually by Grand Coven approved witches
3. “Borrowers” who gain their powers through deals with demons.

For reference Dean is 17 years old, and Sam is 13 years old.

This series is inspired by Season 8, Episode 15: Man's Best Friend with Benefits. There will be no spoilers about the episode, or any references to the episode.

The Black Cat

A loud, sudden banging sound woke Dean Winchester from his sleep, startled by the noise as his bleary eyes became focused on his Dad standing in the doorway. “Get up boys, we got to go,” John ordered out of breath and a wild look in his eye that Dean was not comfortable with.

“Go, go where?” Sam yawned, a soft whine in his tone as he brushed the sleep from his eyes. “Why do we have to leave?” Ever since Mom had died they had been on the move from one place to the next, Dad always had the same excuse every time.

“Hunters are in town,” John answered as he began to gather up his things and stuff them into duffel bags.

“We wouldn’t have to run if you didn’t turn on them,” Sam muttered and as their Dad rounded on Sam, Dean slid off his bed, shoving Sam away catching the backhand that he had thrown toward Sam. He glared darkly at his Dad, pushing down the sting of pain on his cheek.

“Goddammit Dean, how many times do I need to tell you to stay out of the way when I deal with your brother?” John growled angrily, his attention for the moment distracted from packing up their things.

Dean shrugged his shoulders, “I don’t know, how many times do I need to tell you I won’t let you hurt Sammy?”

“I can take care of myself, Dean,” Sam huffed under his breath.

“That’s enough, both of you, get your shit together or I will leave it behind.” John snapped, Dean and Sam both said nothing more as they started to get their things and shove them into duffel bags as well. Both of them knew that the threat was valid, and one time their Dad had really left their things behind after dragging them out of the hotel and to the Impala, speeding away before the hunters could catch up to them.

Sam, who at the time was pressing their Dad’s buttons like he always did. He pointed out that their Dad couldn’t keep running forever and that one day the hunters would catch up, and even suggested that he gave up on running. Dean couldn’t save his brother from their Dad’s wrath that day, even though he had tried, it hadn’t stopped him. That was just another thing that had changed after their mom had died, before that, their dad had never once raised a hand to them. Their Mom would have left him if she saw the man he had become after her death.

“Move your asses!” John snapped as he headed out the door, duffel bag in hand, Dean threw the remainder of his stuff in his bag and started helping Sammy gather the rest of his things.

“I’m tired of this Dean, I miss when we were friends with the hunters,” Sam said quietly as he zipped up the bag and threw it over his shoulder.

“Me too, Sammy.” Dean replied, grabbing his own bag and ushered his little brother out the door shoving their bags into the trunk of the Impala. Sam made his way around the car, as Dean closed the trunk his eyes fell upon a black cat a few feet away, blue eyes staring directly at Dean from beside a bush.

“Dean, get in!” John yelled, snapping Dean’s attention back to the impala as he hurried around the car, opened the door, and slid into the backseat next to Sam. “You’re lucky I didn’t leave your ass behind,” John muttered angrily as he tore off out of the parking lot, while Dean turned his head attempting to spot the cat again, but it was gone.

“Sorry, sir.” Dean apologized as he tore his eyes away from the window, unsure of why something as simple as a cat had thrown him off. Dean shook his head, putting the cat to the back of his mind. “Where are we going?” He asked curiously, wondering how long they would be on the road before settling down again.

“Get comfy, it’s going to be a long drive,” was all their Dad said in reply, Dean sighed, slouched in his seat, and turned his head to look out the window watching the scenery blur by.

Dean woke up, not even realizing that he had fallen asleep, Sam lay next to him on the seat curled up in the most uncomfortable position Dean could imagine. They were still driving, and Dean felt his stomach grumble from hunger. “Dad, are we going to stop soon? I’m hungry.” An irritated sigh came from their Dad in the front seat and he threw Dean a dirty look from the rear view mirror.

“I don’t give a shit, I’ll stop when I feel like it,” John barked harshly, his eyes narrowing at Dean, stirring the sleeping Sam from his slumber. With a flick of his wrist their Dad turned on the cassette player and turned the music up as loud as it would go to drown out anything else that Dean or Sam tried to say. It took hours for their Dad to finally turn off the freeway, and drive into a town stopping at a restaurant. “Let’s try to make this quick, we still got a way to go.” Their dad said as he unbuckled his seat belt and climbed out of the car, Sam and Dean exited the vehicle as well. On the way inside Dean looked around the parking lot, stopping in his tracks when once more he saw a black cat with blue eyes staring at him from across the parking lot. There was no way it was the same cat, but it was still strange.

“Dean!” Hearing his Dad scream his name, Dean turned his attention back to the restaurant hurrying inside after his Dad and little brother. “What the hell is wrong with you boy?” John hissed under his breath, grabbing Dean roughly by the arm and pulling him in close speaking into his ear.

“Nothing, I’m sorry,” Dean quickly apologized, not wanting to tell his dad about the black cat he kept on seeing, knowing how ridiculous it would sound and he didn’t want to upset their Dad anymore then he already was. Dean was always the one that did as was told, even when he didn’t like the orders, he didn’t question their Dad like Sam did or start fights, so his behavior that day was very out of character.

“Get your fucking head on right, or I will beat your senses back into you, do you understand, boy?” Dean nodded his head frantically before their Dad pushed him onto the bench seat at

the table. Looking through the menu, Dean got what he always ordered: a hamburger and fries, while Sam went for a salad, and their Dad ordered a hamburger as well. As they waited, Dean's eyes trailed out the window spotting the black cat once more, this time sitting next to the Impala, its blue eyes staring into Dean's green eyes. A strange feeling of comfort and warmth took over him as he stared into that cat's eyes.

Hearing the plate clatter against the table, Dean broke eye contact with the cat and focused on his meal, eating as quickly as he could so as not to upset his Dad any further. Dean ate so fast that he began to hiccup, and his stomach churned with unease. He forced his food to stay down, and for himself to eat everything.

Sammy, however, took his time and was unable to finish all of his food. "Waste of food and money," John grumbled, throwing down the cash and tip on the table. He no longer used cards, he was too paranoid the hunters would track him down that way.

As they left the restaurant, Dean couldn't help but notice the black cat was now gone. He climbed into the back seat of the Impala with Sam, and once more their Dad tore off taking them back onto the freeway.

A deal made

The motel's sign flickered as their Dad pulled into the driveway, stopping in front of the office. They had spent the whole day on the road, Dean wasn't even really sure of where they were. "I'll be right back," he said after stopping the car and putting it in park, leaving the engine running. After their Dad disappeared inside, Dean's eyes shifted to the driver's seat. He found himself tempted to slide into the driver's seat and take off, but, where would they go? Bobby's? Ellen's? Rufus'? There were many hunters he could think of that possibly would take them in. However, he could put them in that position, or in possible danger.

Dean also knew that he couldn't take care of Sam by himself, he had nothing. What would they do, drive until they ran out of gas and then live on the streets? He couldn't do that to Sammy, who with his smarts could have a wonderful future. Their Dad wouldn't just let Dean take off with Sam either, he would come after them, and eventually, they would wind up right where they left off. No, the only choice Dean truly had was to sit there, like he was told, and wait for their Dad to return.

After waiting a few minutes, their Dad walked out of the office, he returned to the car and moved it to one of the parking spots. After retrieving their stuff from the trunk, they went to their room. "Why don't you two get some sleep? I am going to the store and get some provisions." Their Dad tells them and does not wait for a response before leaving.

Sam dropped his duffle on the floor before opening it up and pulled out some pajamas. Dean did the same and they quietly got dressed and slipped into bed, both of them exhausted.

Dean was awoken by the sound of a voice whispering and as he opened his eyes, he found their Dad cutting his hand, dripping his blood into a bowl as he did a spell. "Dad!" Dean cried out as he shot out of bed quickly, hoping to stop him. It was too late a plume of black smoke erupted from the bowl and a female with short brown hair and hazel eyes stood there.

"John Winchester," the woman that Dean knew to be a demon stated, sounding impressed. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Dad, don't!" Dean objected and their Dad shot a glance at him before looking back to the woman.

"Keep my son's out of our business." Their Dad requested, the woman raised her eyebrow curiously before flicking her wrist. Dean flew across the room, slamming against the wall where he was held and when he attempted to speak, no sound came out. Sam, remained asleep.

"This better be good, John." The demon said as she crossed her arms over her chest. "I don't like flinging around people for no reason, if you want to rough up your kids, you can do it yourself."

"I want to be more powerful," their Dad spoke quickly, getting to the point.

"Oh?" The demon inquired, "Where's your little hunter friends?" She asked looking around

"No hunters, it's because of them I lost Mary." Their Dad said with a growl of anger.

"What about your son? Dean doesn't seem pleased with you, he's powerful and I don't need that kind of witch after me." She said looking at Dean as he strained against the wall, fighting to break free of the hold on him. It was taking a lot to keep him held in place.

"I'll handle him," John assured the demon, not breaking eye contact with her. The demon broke eye contact with Dean, turning her attention back to their Dad, seeming to think it over. “I want to make the hunters pay for what happened to Mary, I will do anything.”

“ *Anything* ?” The demon repeated suddenly seeming interested, “Meaning if I wanted you to, you would kill one of your old friends?”

“No!” Dean broke free, catching the demon's attention and she raised her hand to get him back under control.

“Sorry about that, like I said, your son is powerful…” She strained as she attempted to keep Dean held in place.

“I’ll do it,” Their Dad answered, ignoring Dean’s outburst.

“I want it done tomorrow, you can choose who, as long as there's a hunter dead, I will take that as proof that you are on our side, and then I will seal our deal.” The demon said.

“Fine, we will meet somewhere else. So my son doesn’t intrude again.” Dean was released as the Demon disappeared.

“What are you thinking?” Dean demanded angrily, trying to keep his voice down so as not to wake Sammy. Their Dad crossed the room and struck Dean harshly across the cheek with the back of his hand.

“I don’t have to explain myself to you, nor will I allow you to mess this up for me.” Their Dad punched Dean in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him and brought him to his knees. Dean cried out as their Dad took a handful of his hair into his hand and yanked his head back forcing them to make eye contact. “Why she was so afraid of you I will never understand, if you ask me, you’re pathetic, you could make me stop if you wanted to.”

“I won’t harm you or anyone else,” Dean groaned in response, wheezing as he breathed.

“That attitude is exactly what killed your mother, and I won’t lose you or your brother as well.” Their Dad threw Dean toward the wall, leaving him crumpled on the ground only for a moment before kicking him in the side. “You are not going to stop me.” With that, their Dad turned away stomping to the door, slamming it as he took off.

“What’s going on?” A sleepy Sam asks being woken from his sleep.

“Nothing Sammy,” Dean said through gritted teeth. “Just go back to sleep.” Sam shrugged in response before laying back down and went back to sleep. Dean picked himself up after a few

minutes and cleaned up the mess their Dad had made before beginning a spell of his own, one that would protect Sam. He wouldn't use his own powers to protect himself, they were meant for others, and Sammy was more important anyway. When Dean was finished, he made sure Sam was sound asleep before crawling back into bed, staring at the ceiling until he finally fell asleep.

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